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Farrell Robt J

DEADLY INVENTIONS OF DIREFUL WAR...

(Specially Written for The Family Herald and Weekly Star's War Series).

The inventiveness of man is never more pronounced than when it is directed towards the destruction of fellow man!

Not because he is naturally murderous, any more than he is naturally polygamous, as the sensualistic novelists teach.

Rather it is because of the truth of the adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," or as the rough old British saying has it "Needs must if the devil drives!"

Necessity, pinches pretty hard in war time, when life, the ultimate goal of strife, is in a hair-balance, and invention is the only alternative to death.

In the awful rivalry of modern armies quick to use every suggestion of inventive minds the very last words of chemical, mechanical, optical, and pure mathematical science, may be seen exemplified in death dealing or preventive inventions.

All kinds of deadly explosives, every variety of motor power, the camera, the sextant, the aerial and submarine craft, are in use; electricity is finding new uses every day; pneumatics, especially in the use of compressed air will be almost a new science after the war.

From the air, on the earth, under the earth, as on and under the water, inventions of various sorts, as many new as old seemingly, send death to the sons of men.

And now to earth, air, and water, is added the other element of fire! For Germany is now serving out streams of torturing, destructive, deadly fire upon its enemies.

Barbaric Greek Fire.

Liquid fire, or Greek Fire as old warriors called it, for use in war has not been manufactured for many a year past, on account of its barbaric character and fearful effects. That the Germans have revived it, and have invented some sort of a squirting device, like a fire-engine, for sending it a considerable distance, is not to the credit of latter day civilization, and humanity.

It is an old invention, however, as readers of the last part of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," describing the capture of Constantinople will remember. Apparently it was invented by Callinicus of Heliopolis, about 668 A.D.

As it was from Gibbon's description a liquid, very combustible, difficult to extinguish, capable of being thrown by engines over walls of beseiged buildings, or upon an advancing enemy, it had no doubt a naptha or petroleum base. The oil wells of the Black Sea district, and of Roumania are of ancient origin, and may have furnished the material from which the deadly Greek Fire was produced, as they do today. Germany is deriving a large proportion of her gasoline and petroleum from the Balkans.

No doubt she is adding camphor or some other inflammable material to maintain its burning the longer, and to make its fumes the more deadly.

Land Mines.

More dreaded of the soldiers than Greek fire is the subterranean mine. The sapper, or engineer who, mole like, works underground, often all unsuspected, has been a war terror for centuries past.

But never has the sapper had such terrifically powerful explosives at his command, and never before has he been able to send up such volcanoes of soil and trouble as in this war.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, the war-artist, at present at the front writes: "The blowing up of sections of advanced trenches is a frequent incident of the week's work at the battle front. A mine explosion embraces a considerable section of the enemy's entrenchments. Sometimes over a hundred men are involved in the upheaval. On one occasion, forty men were blown to pieces and eighty badly wounded. There is very little steam or smoke seen in the explosions. They are simply vast upheavals of earth and debris. In the official communiques of both sides we read often of losing ground at certain points, or gaining ground at others. This is very often how it occurs."

Some examples of the immense power of the explosives used in the war were given recently by "Eye-Witness" in his "descriptive account" published on February 8. "A remarkable illustration of the force of explosives," he writes, "was afforded on January 25. Previous to assaulting, the Germans fired a mine under our front trench near the railway triangle to the east of Cuinchy. The explosion hurled a piece of rail weighing twenty-five pounds a distance of over a mile into a field close to where some of our men were standing. It is reported also that on the morning of February 1 the detonation of one of our lyddite shells in the enemy's trenches on the embankment south of the canal threw a German soldier right across the railway and the canal amongst our men on the north side of the latter."

Whole trenches, lodging hundreds of men, have been sent skyward during the past week or two, the British and French engineers showing up, at least as well as the Germans at the game.

Marine Mines.

The mines employed at sea are costly implements of scientific warfare. Germany must have been laying up a stock of them for many years past, for the thousands she has set afloat could never have been made since this war began.

But Great Britain was not caught napping. Very little has been said of our achievements, though according to a spy in Kiel, there has been a good deal of talk of them among the Germans.

He says:—

"While the naval action off Heligoland on August 28 added very considerably to the pressure on the repairing shops, it is not generally known that an engagement some days later had an equally disastrous consequence for the German North Sea Fleet. One after another lame ducks were towed through the Kiel Canal, until something like nine destroyers and torpedo boats, some of them in a hopelessly battered condition, lay alongside the Imperial Yard. These vessels, it is alleged by men who had served in some of them, did not take part in the action. Beyond this admission they refuse to give information.

Local report about the Kiel dockyards, which has not been contradicted, insists that the damage was caused by a cleverly laid British mine field almost within sight of Heligoland.

British mine-layers followed the ships into action at a safe distance. Behind this screen, and while the attention of the Germans was concentrated on the action, the mine-layers were busy anchoring their deadly explosives in the way of German warships operating from Heligoland.

Two days after the engagement a fleet of German destroyers and torpedo-boats were sent out on scout duty. All unsuspecting of danger in their home waters, they steamed into the mine field. The first vessel to strike one of the mines signalled that she was being attacked by a submarine. Almost simultaneously other vessels met with a similar fate, whereupon the German captains, realising the danger that threatened them, carefully picked their way back to the base."

How many vessels were accounted for in this manner is not known, but it is surmised that the loss was considerable, since the fleet had got so far on to the mine field before making the discovery that one destroyer was actually struck some considerable distance from the scene of disaster while making its way back to the base.

The modern rifle has made it necessary to adopt a new and intricate system of entrenching. Rival armies now proceed to dig themselves in as speedily as possible, erecting "bomb-proofs" over themselves and concealing themselves behind sandbags, steel shields or earthworks.

How to get at the enemy, or at least to annoy him as much as possible without too much risk, was a new problem set for inventiveness. Says a military authority in the Illustrated London News:

"Thus for the time being the two infantries were left to fight things out alone, and instinctively they went back to the old appliances and methods of two centuries ago.

First amongst these came the revival of what was known as the Cochorn, or trench-mortar, which owed its name to a celebrated Dutch engineer (who had attacked and defended many places in the same locality), and was merely a small brass mortar, with a bore of from 4 to 5 1-2 inches, mounted on a wood bed, which could easily be carried about by hand to convenient places in the trenches and used for "lobbing" shells for short distances—a couple of hundred yards at the outside: or it threw boxes of hand-grenades, little shells weighing about 3 lb., in a "bouquet," as it was called. Here the Germans, showing greater foresight than the Allies, had gone a step beyond us, and had actually provided themselves with mortars of this description, the so-called Minenwerfer mine-throwers—and they had also devised silent mortars which discharge quite large, high-explosive charges by means of compressed air, or other gas brought up in cylinders.

Fortunately, both these inventions have proved rather too heavy for convenience—and, though we are rapidly providing an answer to them (in which, I trust, this essential condition of weight will not be overlooked), I am inclined to think that the British expedient of the old Roman onager—so called because it kicked like a wild ass—is the best expedient of the kind yet in use.

The sketch indicates its construction. The complicated "Spanish windlass" of twisted cord used in the old Roman type has been abandoned, and its place taken by a simple steel spring, taken out of a railway-truck, or any steel works, and mounted on a sleeper. As will be seen, the trigger is simplicity itself—practically the same thing as that used by boys in setting brick-traps for birds. Because its capacity is limited to charges of only some 10 to 15 lb., there is little danger of the particles thrown off in bursting damaging anybody except the enemy; whereas with the very considerable charges flung by the minenwerfer, and similar contrivances, a longish distance is needed between the trenches if harm is not to be inflicted indiscriminately on the occupants of both."

New Artillery.

Gunner E. Keeping, of the Heavy Battery Royal Garrison Artillery, who after having returned home to Reading suffering from wounds received at Soissons, is now in battle again, writes in high eulogy of the biggest and latest guns sent from Great Britain to the scene of action. He says: "It is something to know we can now meet the enemy on an equality, or should I say, superiority. Certain it is that we have played the very mischief with the Germans since these guns have come up. They don't like them a little bit. They are mighty thunderers, I can tell you, and their range is wonderful.

"We are certainly making a move in the right direction, but what we wish to do is to make a really big advance, so that we can put these guns of ours more amongst them. They are regular rippers and no mistake, and those of us who have been told off to handle them are proud indeed."

The old field-gun has been improved beyond recognition, and the artillery of both the English and French is now showing marked superiority over that of their opponents.

The English field-gun, which has a calibre of three inches, fires an 18½ lb. shell, and has an effective range of about three miles, is the heaviest longest, and most powerful artillery weapon in the present war. The French and German field guns are of 75 m.m. and 77 m.m. calibre respectively, or slightly under 3-in., and the French gun is slightly the heavier weapon. It, however, fires the heavier shell, with a higher initial velocity of 1730 ft. per second.

Raining Streams of Lead.

Most terrible of all the new weapons is perhaps that which spits out an almost continuous stream of bullets with a noisy "whirr," like the springing of an exaggerated watchman's rattle. Immense numbers of these machine guns are in use. The original form, the mitrailleuse, with its 37 parallel breech-loading barrels, is still being used, but the modern machine gun has generally been adopted by the other nations.

The aim of modern inventors is to reduce the weight of the weapon and reduce its liability to jam. The average weight of the modern weapon is from 50 to 60 pounds, although the United States army has an untried weapon which has attracted a lot of attention, and only weighs 28 lb.

Considerable interest is being taken in a recent invention by an Australian, and its trial by the War Office will be watched by military authorities with interest. The simplicity of its mechanism and its revolving disc is said to have reduced the liability to jam to a minimum, and its weight is only 36 lb.

The infantry, cavalry, and artillery of days gone by are now backed up by death-dealing machine-guns carried on horseback, on armored motor cars, fitted to motor bicycles, and on rivers in motor boats, and the huge 100-ton siege guns now being used could not have been made thirty years ago, and, if made, their transport would have been impossible.

In addition to all these, the traction engine and motor lorry make the transport of large weights and engineers' tools possible, as well as the food supply necessary for the huge army of today, which is ten times as large as the greatest army of a century ago.

A New British 16-inch Gun.

Terrible havoc has been made in the Dardanelles by the new 15-inch naval guns of the British fleet. Nothing yet discovered short of absolute solidity can stand against them.

And still progressing as ever the British navy has a still heavier gun ready for commission.

This is a rifled 16-inch gun and in a recent description of it Mr. Winston Churchill claimed that it was the best gun we have ever turned out, and also the most accurate. There are already at least two ships with 15-in. guns, throwing projectiles of 1,950 lbs., and 13 of our ships mounting the 13.5-inch guns, which fires a projectile weighing 1,400 lb.

Naval matters aside, however, it ought to be added that powerful as modern field batteries are, whether they are composed of three-inch field pieces on the battleground or six-inch guns in turrets, the actual number of men killed by them is fewer than most of us suspect.

At St. Privat in 1870 the French fired eighty shots, weighing in all 660 pounds, to kill or maim a single German. Since that was forty-four years ago, it might be supposed that by 1904 the slaughter would be terrific. Yet during the Manchurian campaign the Russian artillery in pitched battles fired about 150 shots in order to disable a single Japanese.

The individual projectile fired by a field-piece had increased in weight since 1870, so that about a ton of metal was hurled a mile or two in order to disable a single Japanese.

Shrapnel, a shell which, when it explodes, shoots 200 or 300 balls in all directions, is the favorite ammunition of the field artillery. Of necessity it is more fatal than infantry fire; nevertheless, more men are killed by rifle fire than by shrapnel.

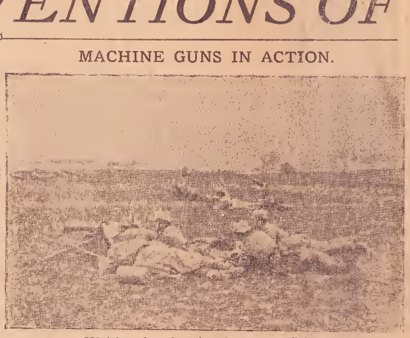
In the Franco-Prussian War, out of one hundred casualties, ninety were due to infantry fire, eight to artillery fire, and two to other causes. In Manchuria over 85.5 per cent of the killed and wounded Japanese were put out of action by infantry fire.

The ratio in the present war will probably approximate that of the Manchurian campaign.

In other words, modern battles will be won by infantry.

The individual yet counts for more than the machine!

MACHINE GUNS IN ACTION.



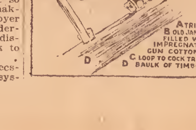
Waiting for the signal to start firing!

NEW WAY OF HURLING GRENADES.

German Minnewerfer or Mine Thrower.

NEW BRITISH OBSTACLE DEVICE.

Six old bayonets are so joined together that t here are always three points protruding. An uglier obstacle to negotiate by man or horse coul d hardly be devised.



A Human Whiff From the Battle Lines.

His American rubber boots and his clothes were caked in the mud of the trenches, and you could smell horse, gasoline and gunpowder when he entered the compartment of the train, writes William G. Shepherd from France. He was a human whiff straight from the battle lines, and he was so delighted with the prospect of his six days' leave of absence that, in spite of being a British Major and, therefore, one of the most silent men on earth, he wanted to talk. He began about the weather, and, from that, shifted to the mud in the trenches.

"These American waders are the only things to keep out the water," he said. "The only trouble with them is that sometimes the water in the trenches is so deep that it over-tops the waders and you slosh around with them full of mud and water. They ought to come up to your hips."

"How much mud and water do you really have in the trenches?"

"My dear man, some of my troops have spent five or six days in mud above their knees. It was so deep that they could not lie down without drowning in it, and what's worse, some night it was so cold that a skim of ice froze over the water as the men stood in it. These men didn't have waders. They were not protected from the icy water in any way."

"Don't they die of colds?"

"No, its most extraordinary, but men who have had stomach trouble and had to be careful of their eating, before they went into the trenches, find, after a week or so, that their stomachs become fine and strong. They can eat anything and as much as they want. They don't get much exercise, but the open life makes new men of them.

No Hatred in Trenches.

When breakfast comes one man after another lays down his rifle and begins to eat the food that has been brought to him, via the communicating trenches. And you can't hear any shooting until eight o'clock. I suppose the privates in both armies have figured it out that if they crowd plenty of firing into the hour before breakfast, their officers will let them take the morning meal in peace. And the privates are right, too. Both the British and the German officers, by a tacit understanding, give their men from seven to eight o'clock for eating and smoking."

"I've been in the British army since I was eighteen years old," said the Major. "But I'm something of a philosopher as well as a soldier, and this war is giving me some sidelights on human nature that I never had before.

"For instance, there's a certain feeling that many of our privates have for the Germans in the trenches across the way from them. These British and German soldiers know each other by face and even by name, and the astonishing thing is that they don't hate each other. You can't keep up that feeling of blind hatred between the trenches.

Little Coat and Bonnet.

Lady dear, I've come to give you
(Will you look and see?)
Just a coat and little bonnet,
Dear, so dear to me.
I am poor, can give no riches,
But to part
With this little coat and bonnet
Breaks my heart.

See the stitches love set in them!
Beads of prayer, to me,
For the man who used to wear them
Toddled at my knee.
Forth he fared to fight life's battle,
Courage high.
What befell him? He is missing.
Here am I—

Watching, waiting, praying for him—
Still he seems to me
Just the babe in coat and bonnet
That he used to be.
He is scarred and battle weary,
Lost, may be ;
But each night I seem to have him
Safe with me.

Battle fields across the ocean!
I can see them all:
See the wounded, lost, defeated,
Hear them cry and call.
Every man, a mother's baby
Just like mine,
Breaks a heart when he has fallen
On the line.

Lady! Take the faded bonnet,
Take the wee coat, too,
And the prayers I'm sending with them
Far across the blue;
Prayers for all the sons of mothers
(Theirs and mine).
They're fighting there—they're fighting here—
On the line.

—C.F.Bohn.

Cost of Inside Information.

A country's secret service costs quite a big sum.

Austria-Hungary spends annually, it is said, $300,000, Germany $400,000, France $200,000, Russia nearly $4,000,000, Italy $604,000.

In Britain, the public know nothing of how secret service money is spent. In the national accounts details are never given of actual payments and disbursements. The fact is that the money is put at the disposal of Ministers to be expended at their discretion in promoting or protecting the interests of the country.

Among the European Powers, the Russian Secret Service is probably the finest, but it embraces many thousands of people who are merely volunteers in the art of discovering official secrets.

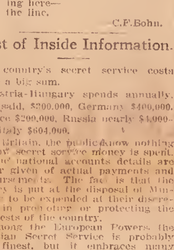
In France and Germany the Secret Service is supported by systematic investigation that does not rely in any material way upon casual assistance.

In England the Service is controlled to a great extent by the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty and the War Office, but such a system of private inquiry has not been elevated to the exact science that that it has reached, say, in Russia or Japan.

The most perfect Secret Service in the world is undoubtedly that of the Japanese, who devote to it all the patience for which the Oriental is famous. The war in Manchuria afforded ample evidence of the value of its work.

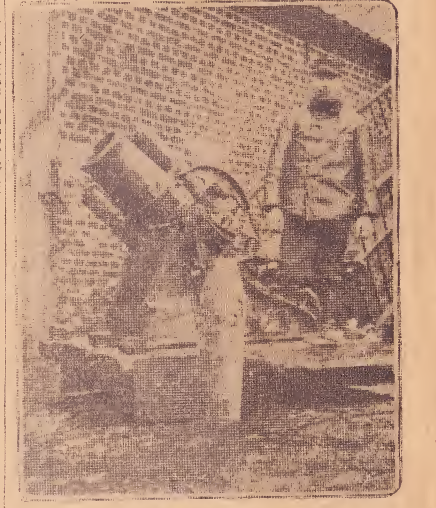
There was not a village or a military post that escaped observation, and many of the earlier successes of the Japanese were due to the excellence of the information supplied by the members of the Secret Service before the hostilities began.

ATOP OF SUBMARINE.



Submarine gun set to attack aircraft.

GERMAN MINE THROWER.



German trench-mortar captured by British near Nieuport.
—Illustrated London News.

German-Built Railway Through Palestine To Egypt.

Was the Holy Railway to Mecca meant to be the German railroad to Egypt?

The Sultan of Turkey once caused a sensation in the Mohammedan world by announcing that he would build a holy railway to Mecca in order to make easy the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet. There should be no more of the toils, fatigues, and dangers of the caravan routes through the hot, Bedouin-infested Arabian Desert. Heretofore no small proportion of pilgrims had been waylaid, robbed, and perhaps killed by those turbaned highwaymen; it was the Sultan's ambition to make the path secure for the faithful.

At the time the significance of the railway was not realized by those outside. It was said to be a railway built by Mohammedans for Mohammedans, and that sufficed for the world at large. Damascus was selected as the northern terminus, and the other end of the line was to rest somewhere on the Red Sea—preferably at Jedda. The engineer in chief was to find the route between these two termini, and was only enjoined to see that it passed through the birthplace and shrine of the Prophet. Economic considerations were ignored. A railway one thousand miles long was built at a cost of several millions pounds sterling, in complete disregard of everything generally regarded as essential in railway planning.

When it came to building the road, no tenders were invited. The undertaking was handed over to the Germans. An accomplished engineer was sent from the Fatherland to supervise the whole operation, to plan the route and to build the road. The route he chose is worth noticing.

Damascus was connected with the road that extended north to Aleppo, whence in due season a line was to be laid to connect with the Bagdad Railway that leads by way of Konia to Scutari and Constantinople.

Fortified Stations.

An outlet to the Palestine coast was offered at Beyrut, but a superior and independent water terminus was subsequently established at Haifa. The railway is carried almost due east from this point through most difficult country to Deraa, where it joins the main road south of Damascus.

Anyone would have suppos'd that in traversing Palestine the German engineer would have carried the line through points of interest, such as Jerusalem, so as to benefit from the heavy tourist traffic. But he did not do so. He laid the route through a most sterile region east of the river Jordan.

The road is built substantially. The permanent way is solid, the sleepers are of steel, and the rails are of the heaviest weight. The bridges are of massive masonry. At various stations there are elaborate systems of sidings, which are not needed for any purposes of peaceful traffic, but which would be useful for troop trains. The station buildings are of masonry throughout, and could easily be made defensible from a military point of view. At certain stations there are strong blockhouses as well."

The Holy or Hejaz Railway is built, in short, on military and not on commercial or economic principles. It links up with the railway system that Germans have built through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and through that system with the European railways at Scutari. It passes conveniently near the borders of Egypt, and its terminus on the Red Sea is opposite Port Sudan, which is the nearest port to Khartum. Over its tracks Turkish soldiers might certainly pass to the invasion of Egypt if they had the chance.

A TROTYL MINE.

German mine on ships' launching-ways.

Battleships and Torpedoes.

Will Britain's latest battleships nullify the effects of torpedoes?

This appears very possible, says "Wizard" Edison, for the admiralty experts have not provided this class of ships with torpedo nets.

It is unlikely that in a big battle torpedoes will be brought into use, owing to the enormous range and penetrative power of present-day guns and shells. Although much has been heard of the reliance placed by the Germans in torpedo craft, working in conjunction with their battle fleet, we may be sure that Admiral Jellicoe will be skilful enough to fight at long range.

Coupled with the superiority of range of our guns, the fact that we possess faster ships than the Germans will make the task of a naval battle easier from our point of view. The likelihood of the two fleets getting close enough for effective torpedo work is small.

It is doubtful whether under any circumstances either fleet could live under such heavy fire as that which could be delivered by the other, before getting into the 4000 yards' range—the distance required for the latest torpedo to work effectively.

Sweet German Kultur!

This is the German greeting
When men their fellows meet,
The merchants in the market-place,
The beggars in the street.
A pledge of bitter enmity
Thus runs the winged word:
"God punish England, brother!—
Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

With raucous voice, brass-throated,
Our German shells shall hear
This curse that is our greeting
To the "cousin" in his lair.
This be our German battle-cry,
The motto on our sword:
"God punish England, brother!—
Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

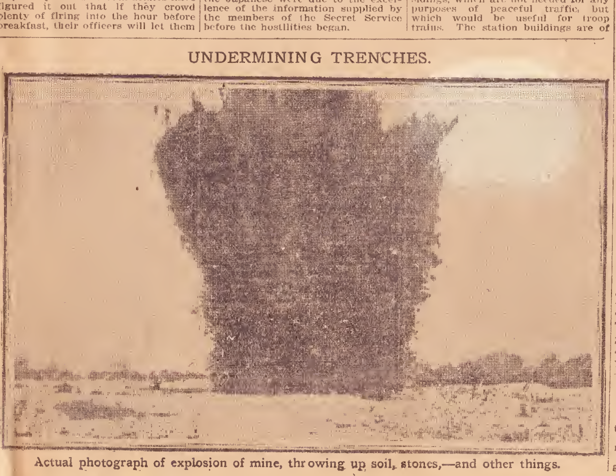
By shell from sea, by bomb from air,
Our greeting shall be sped,
Making each English homestead
A mansion of the dead.
And even Grey will tremble
As falls each iron word:
"God punish England, brother!—
Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

This is the German greeting
When men their fellows meet,
The merchants in the market-place,
The beggars in the street,
A pledge of bitter enmity
Thus runs the winged word:
"God punish England, brother!—
Yea! Punish her, O Lord!"

—Translated by G. Valentine Williams, from Herr Hochstetter in Lustige Blatter.

She (passionately)—"Will you be true to me?"
He (tenderly)—"As true as the rose bloom on your cheeks."
She:—"Why—er—isn't the moon grand?"

UNDERMINING TRENCHES.



Actual photograph of explosion of mine, throwing up soil, stones,—and other things.

Straits of the Dardanelles Object of Many Wars.

The forcing of the Dardanelles will probably rank as one of the biggest things of the war.

That wonderful watcrway, fortified with all the foreign skill available, armed with German guns, smashed by the British and French fleets, has filled a large place in ancient and modern history.

At the Dardanelles, Europe and Asia meet. The bold headlands which guard the entrance to the Straits from the Ægean Sea are crowned with two ponderous masses of mediæval architecture, the Castles of Europe and Asia, as they have been called from time immemorial—or, to utilize the still quainter phraseology of the Crusaders, the Castles of Rumelia and Anatolia. Their Turkish names are Chanak Kalesi and Khilidl-Bahar.

These castles must not be confused with the modern Turkish forts, against which the guns of the French and British fleets have been directed. The Old Castles of Rumelia and Anatolia are nothing more than monuments of the past. Their massive stone walls, crenellated towers, and moated approaches, rising squarely on the sky-line of the headlands, are hopeless of defence in modern warfare.

More than a generation ago, the Turks began the preparation of another system of fortifications, which, in the past few months, under the direction of the German military engineers, has been worked out on an elaborate scale. Farther back from the shore than the Old Castles was a network of earthen and concrete armored works mounting heavy Krupp guns, larger even than that wonderful monster which Mohammed the Conqueror caused a Frankish engineer to cast for him in preparation for the final assault upon Constantinople in 1453.

It is hoped that the naval gunners were able to spare the old fortifications, which are worthy of preservation, like the tremendous Theodosian walls of Constantinople, in the event that a Christian civilized Government ever gets the upper hand in Turkey.

Byron Emulates Leander.

In looking back over history for mention of the name Dardanelles—or Hellespont, to use the name the Greeks gave it in Homeric days—one is particularly impressed by the frequency with which it has bobbed up in romantic legend, as well as in historic fact.

The story of Hero and Leander, for instance, which Kit Marlowe wove in passionate verse, after the model of Musæus, stands out as one of the earliest love stories to be found on the public library shelves.

The feat of Leander in swimming the Straits to gain the side of the beautiful priestess of Sestos inspired the romantic Lord Byron nearly 3,000 years afterward to undertake the same achievement.

The northwestern corner of Asia Minor, terminating in the Asiatic headland of the Dardanelles, constitutes the territory known of old as the Troas and later as the Troad, and was famous as the site of the ten-year siege of Troy. The archæologists of the last century, among their countless other achievements, actually succeeded in uncovering the precise location of the city that owned the rule of Priam, near the present Turkish village of Hissarlik, deep down under a stratum of crumbling remains that represented no less than seven vanished communities.

Constantinople Sacked.

Here, where British marines and French bluejackets have landed Agamemnon's flimsy galleys beached their keels and discharged companies of spearmen and archers to assault "the topless towers of Ilium."

Here, too, where now are the smells and filth of Hissarlik, Achilles of the tender heel rumbled in his chariot about the Trojan walls, dragging the body of the mighty Hector, Priam's son. And on this site marked by tentative excavations, the famous wooden horse discharged its load of death and destruction on the hapless Trojans, and Laocoon, priest of Troy met his death by the strangulation of the snakes from Tenedos.

In all truth, the centuries that have rolled by since then have witnessed but one tragedy on the shores of the Dardanelles which surpassed the ravages of Troy. That was the downfall of Byzantine power at Constantinople in 1453, when the greatest and cruelest of Turkish rulers led his mounted Janiassaries into the nave of the great cathedral of Ste Sophia and gave over the capital of Christendom to the sack.

After the Trojan War, the next greatest spectacle enacted on the shores of the Dardanelles was the passage of the mighty army Xerxes, King of Persia, had mobilized for the invasion of Greece, with the avowed intention of crushing western civilization and supplanting the growing prestige of the infant Grecian states with the Oriental despotism of the East. It has become the fashion to deride the Grecian historians who told of a million men marching under the Persian standards, but however that may be, it was the largest army the known world had seen up to that day.

Crossing the Bosphorus.

Xerxes must have had engineers of worth in his employ, for after baffling hardships and failure they finally succeeded in throwing across the Hellespont a bridge of boats at least a mile and a half long from shore to shore, supposing that the mooring-points were at Nagara Point on the Asiatic shore and Sestos on the European.

Seven stadia is the distance given in the contemporary accounts, and that would work out at about a mile and a half in our measurement.

That was in 480 B.C., and Xerxes' hosts, numerous though they were, were rolled back, beaten, and dispirited by the victors of Salamis. Nearly a century and a half later, in 334 B.C., Alexander the Great led his compact army over the same route traversed by Xerxes, but in the opposite direction. Again the Hellespont was spanned, and a conqueror set at naught the bounds of a continent.

The Emperor Constantine, first Imperial sponsor of Christianity, was likewise first to see the possibilities of the city as a seat of Imperial power. And to it, in 330 A.D., he transferred the majesty which had been Rome's. Henceforth, it stood equal with the old capital of the Caesars as the centre of the Eastern Roman Empire, which in a few years became the only Roman Empire, as the prestige of Rome, itself, crumbled away before armies of outlandish furclad barbarians from the Hyrcanian Wood.

The Naval Menace.

The Dardanelles had been important before by reason of the connection furnished by the Straits through the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus with the Black Sea, but now they became doubly important. Inasmuch as seapower was never developed to any great extent by any of the tribes or nations that lived on the Black Sea, the naval menace to Constantinople has always come from the entrance to the Dardanelles. Through these straits came the Gothic and Visi-Gothic fleets that assailed it, later the Saracens sent fleets and armies from Alexandria and the ports of Asia Minor.

As the sway of Islam spread and increased, with the waning efficiency and growing effeminacy of the Byzantine Greeks, who called themselves Romans—the legionaries who defended the eastern frontiers, and who were so pampered that they required servants to carry their shields, were pushed back toward the capital.

Again and again the Saracens swept over all opposition and launched their armies against the walls of the imperial city itself. They were able to ravage the towns and villages that were then thickly scattered along the Dardanelles and the remainder of the waterways, but the triple walls of Constantinople, backed by the deadly Greek fire always served to fling them back. It was probably the adaptation of cannon by the Moslems which gave them command of the Dardanelles and smoothed the way to the capture of Constantinople. And it took the mightiest of all cannons to come to the point of driving them out!

All Ships Under Fire.

Mohammed II. conceived the idea of fortifying the Asiatic headland of the Dardanelles with cannon, by means of which he could command the commerce that passed up and down. Later he seized the Castle of Europe as well. This meant that every ship that passed must come under his guns, and while his artillery was primitive, it was deadly in its effects if it happened to hit anything.

One small squadron of vessels did contrive to run his blockade, but their effect was not sufficient to delay materially the success of his siege. He brought up one gun, the like of which had never been seen up to then, and which was not surpassed until modern times, with which he breached the walls of the city at a point in the valley of the Lycus.

Since Mohammed's reign Constantinople has never been captured, although, at least twice it has been near to falling—in 1878, when the Russians were halted at San Stefano by the menacing guns of a British fleet, and in 1912-13, when the Bulgarian armies reached the Tchataldja lines, some thirty miles from the city, hedging off the peninsula upon which it and its suburbs stand between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea. But, before Mohammed's time, the city had been captured three times, and each time, it is significant to note, by the influence of sea-power.

Russia's Great Ambition.

The contest for the Dardanelles and for Constantinople has been inextricably mixed with control of the sea.

For a hundred years England stood in the way of Russia's ambition to acquire control of the waterway; the power that holds the Dardanelles is potentially in a position to menace the Suez Canal, which is England's route to her Eastern Empire.

But now, it is said, England has removed her inhibition, and Russia is promised control over this exit from her Black Sea provinces.

But this is not the first time a British fleet has forced the Dardanelles. In 1807, Sir John Duckworth, who fought with Howe on "The Glorious First of June," was sent to compel the Sultan to side with England and Russia against Napoleon. Duckworth got his wooden ships by the Dardanelles forts, but the headwinds in the narrow Straits and the treacherous currents withheld him from his objective.

Really, the most remarkable feature of the history of the Dardanelles is the repetition of events. The Persians came and went, and came again; the Greeks came and went and came again; so did the Romans, the Byzantine Greeks, the Saracens, the Turks—and the British. Who could have thought that a German war was to make us see British and French warships swinging at anchor off the Golden Horn and landing-parties of "Tommy Atkins'" and "Piou-Pious" guarding the palaces of the Sultan?

POOR, LITTLE WOUNDED INNOCENTS.

Red Cross nurses bandaging the little ones wounded by heartless invaders.

—L'Illustrazione Italiano.

GIFTS OF CANADIAN AMBULANCES.

Prominent amongst the various gifts to Canada's forces was that of the McLaughlin Carriage Co., of Oshawa of a 37-horse power Motor Ambulance for service at the front.

Their lead has been quickly followed. Last week the Lincoln County Council inspected the McLaughlin Ambulance in the company's showrooms and unanimously decided to order a similar one and donate it to the Canadian Red Cross Society, on behalf of their county.

In appearance it expresses efficiency and practicability. It is grey green in color, with top and sides of specially prepared waterproof duck. The sides can be rolled up to give air when required, or left down for perfect protection. It is so arranged inside, that the seats may be turned into beds for stretchers.

It is understood that several other organizations such as municipalities, Sabbath schools, etc., are contemplating similar donations and in connection with this fact, it is interesting to note that the McLaughlin Company have made special arrangements, by which these ambulances will be turned over to such organizations, for presentation to the Red Cross, at manufacturers' prices.

The Red Cross Society has announced that there is no limit at the present time to the number of such machines actually needed for service at the front, and that few have any idea of the number of valuable lives saved by the easy and rapid transportation of wounded men to hospitals.

Sidelights On the Great War.

ALGERIANS UNDER HORSES' BELLIES.

A ruse whereby the Algerian horsemen known as Goumiers succeeded in gaining a footing in that important position, the Great Dune between the Ostend road and the sea, has just become known.

The German position appeared almost impregnable, the Germans having made the place a sort of warren, whence they sniped sappers attempting to mine their position. The French advance was slow until the Goumiers imagined a little plan.

One morning six fine Arab horses wandered, apparently quite accidently, between the French and German lines. The enemy were careful not to fire on them, preferring to capture the animals when they got near enough to their trenches.

On the following day towards nightfall twenty-four horses appeared on the same ground. In the half-light, the Germans were only able to distinguish their vague outlines, and to see that they were unmounted. They were preparing to welcome them as another useful capture, when in response to a sharp cry the two dozen horses, kicking up their heels, galloped back to the French trenches. Thereupon twenty-four grey forms rose from the ground and threw themselves into the German trenches.

Concealing themselves in Eastern fashion under the bellies of their mounts, the Goumiers had arrived almost at the edge of the hostile trenches, which they proceeded to attack with fury.

The second German line did not dare to fire for fear of shooting their own men in the uncertain light, and the Germans wavered.

At this moment the French infantrymen arrived to support their dusky comrades. At ten o'clock in the evening they had gained possession of the Great Dune with but small losses.

BOMB MADE GERMAN FLY.

An artillery officer stationed on the Suez Canal writes:

One of the Flying Corps did a plucky thing yesterday and also had a narrow escape. On his way back he had engine trouble and had to come down. He got going again, but after five miles he had to descend again, and was spotted by some of the enemy's cavalry.

He got going just in time, but was only 200 feet up when he had to pass over them, and they let fly from three hundred rifles. Several shots pierced the planes, and one punctured a tyre, but he got away and came down in Kantara. There they said they had heard of a large force of the enemy only twelve miles away, and in spite of his former troubles he set off to look for them. He found them and spotted the German officer. The observer dropped a bomb; he could not say what damage was done, but he reported that the horse on which the German officer was sitting bounded at least five feet into the air and the officer went at least fifteen feet.

SOLDIERS CHAT WITH HORSES.

The work of the Army Veterinary Corps during this war has been wonderful, writes a lady from a seaport town in Northern France. They have a big camp some miles from here, to which wounded and sick horses from the front are brought.

One patient had twenty-three pieces of shrapnel removed from its flank a little while ago, and is now doing well. (I hope that my telling you this will not discourage recruiting among horses!)

The men who look after them seem to be so fond of them, but I think the majority of the soldiers are keen on animals. Among the crowd of motor 'buses, lorries, trucks, and vehicles of all kinds on the quay yesterday I came upon a Tommy talking confidentially to a French carthorse—and I think the horse understood.

Some of the men have dogs; and as everything which the British soldier has either acquired or given away since he left England is to him a "souvenir" these animals are always introduced to me as "souvenir dog, Miss." As a matter of fact, their present owners usually found them left behind in some deserted Belgian or French village.

FROM BATTLEFIELD TO HOMELAND.

A corporal of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, on furlough from active service, tells a thrilling story of his experiences since he embarked with the first Expeditionary Force.

"The bloodiest 'scrap' ever I took part in," he said, "was when our Lieutenant Brodie won the V.C. Between 500 and 600 Germans tried to rush the trench occupied by my company, which was only about 80 strong. They came on in a solid mass, and in spite of our murderous magazine fire they got right up to our trench.

"They did not get past, and one returned, while only fifty-seven were taken prisoners. The remainder lay in piles four and five deep in front of our trench. I was fighting at La Bassee and as I thought my application for leave would be granted, I managed to relieve a German of his helmet and bayonet and brought them home with me.

"I left the trenches next day for home, and as this happened to be the Kaiser's birthday, you can see how much attention our leaders paid to the German boast that they would break through on that day, when they were allowing men to go home on leave!"

IN LIGHTER MOOD

TWO OF A KIND.

A tourist in the Highlands had dinner with a querulous old farmer, who yawned about hard times fifteen minutes at a stretch.

"Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make lots of money shipping corn to the London market."

"Yes," was the sullen reply.

"You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then why don't you go into the speculation?"

"No use, sir," sadly replied the farmer, "the old woman is too lazy to do the ploughin' and plantin'."

"How did your daughter pass her examination?" asked one mother of another.

"Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but they asked that girl about things that happened long before she was born!"

With but three minutes to catch his train, the traveller inquired of the tramcar conductor, "Can you go faster than this?"

"Yes," the bell-ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my tramcar."

THE LOT OF THE FARMER.

"Farm produce cost more than they used to."

"Yes," replied the farmer, "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin' an' the zoological name of the insect that eats it, and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

"I shall sue you for damages. Your confounded dog just bit me."

"You'll have to prove it. Wait a moment, and I'll see if his teeth fit the marks."

"Father, I think it only fair to tell you that I need fifty dollars. I'd rather owe it to you than to some outsider."

"How's vacation, Johnnie?"

"Bully! Fell off a shed, most got drownded, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindles licked me twice, an' I got two stone bruises an' a stiff neck!"

WHOSE HEADGEAR?

A well-known judge dined recently at a fashionable hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear.

"How do you know that is my hat?" the judge asked, as his silk hat was presented to him.

"I don't know it, sir," said the man.

"Then why do you give it to me?" insisted the bewildered judge.

"Because you gave it to me, sir," replied the man, without moving a muscle of his face.

Lady (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, please."

Voice from the Exchange—"What number, please?"

Lady—"He's my third, if you wish to know, you impudent thing."

Drill-Sergeant (to recruit)—"I've told you forty times, you must stand up as straight as if you'd swallowed a ramrod. Instead of that, you appear to have swallowed a dozen scimitars!"

READY FOR EMERGENCY.

Boy Scout—You can cross by this bridge, sir. It will save you a long walk round.

Stout Gentleman—Thank you, my boy; I'm afraid it wouldn't bear me.

Boy Scout—That's all right, sir. We have first aid and ambulance on the other side!—Punch.

"The Assyrian lover carved his valentine on a slab of stone."

"A slab of stone?"

"Or else baked it in a brick."

"Well, I'm glad I wasn't carrying a letter route when the postcard craze struck Babylon."

CAREFUL NURSE.

Two nurse-maids were wheeling their infant charges in the park when one asked the other:

"Are you going to the dance to-morrow afternoon?"

"I am afraid not."

"What!" exclaimed the other. "And you so fond of dancing!"

"I'd love to go," explained the conscientious maid, "but to tell you the truth, I am afraid to leave the baby with its mother."

An elderly farmer drove into town one day and hitched his team to a telegraph post.

"Here!" exclaimed a burly policeman, "you can't hitch there!"

"Can't hitch!" shouted the irate farmer. "Well, why have you got a sign up, 'Fine for hitching'?"

An Irish soldier invalided home from Flanders was asked by one of his relatives what struck him most about the battles he took part in.

"What struck me most?" said Pat. "Sure, it was the large number of bullets flying round that didn't hit me."

ON THE WRONG SIDE.

Pat, who was left-handed, was being sworn in as a witness in the West Side Court of Denver, Colo.

"Hold up your right hand," said the judge. Up went Pat's left hand.

"Hold up your right hand," commanded the judge, sternly.

"Sure and I am, yer honor," declared Pat. "Me right hand's on me left-hand side."

First Tramp.—So Waggles is a college man? And what good does that do him?

Second Tramp—All kinds o' good. He scares off lots of dogs, by giving the college yell!

Mother (to son who has been fighting)—Haven't I told you time and again to keep away from that rough Mixer boy?

Son.—Yes; but you didn't buy me no bicycle!

"Since the war began the women have been taking the places of the men on the Paris street cars."

"Well, they'd do it here, but the men are too ill-mannered to get up."

Belgian Post Office in France

Squeezed into a little suburb, known as Nice-Havrais, is the Belgian Government, writes a war correspondent.

In the house once occupied by a rich German shipper, the Belgian War Department carries on its busy affairs. In another mansion, deserted by a German, the Foreign Office holds sway, and on the second floor of a long line of store buildings most of the other departments have their temporary offices.

France has turned over this little spot to Belgium. Nice-Havrais is not French soil, but Belgian, and it will remain so by the promise of France until the King of Belgium rides again into Brussels.

It is the Belgian postoffice that is the most interesting spot in this little Belgium. The French postmaster moved out, bag and baggage, when the Belgians came, and the Belgian Department of Posts and Telegraphs took it over. The telegraph business amounts to a little, but in the matter of posts this little office probably holds all world's records for its size. It is a paradise for postage stamp collectors. They beseige the place from the opening to the closing hour. They come from all parts of the countries of the Allies. Some of them live at a nearby hotel and day after day they repair to the little postoffice and buy stamps of all denominations, which they affix to postal cards and thrust into the letter slots.

Almost Gruesome Business.

It strikes an onlooker—especially one who is not a victim of the postage stamp craze—as a gruesome business, this matter of making the Belgian ill wind blow well for themselves, but this is a thought that appears to have struck neither the postage stamp collectors nor the pretty Belgian girl and the good looking young Belgian fellow, who preside at the stamp window. They have batches of stamps, including one of every denomination, ready for any person who comes up and says, "Give me all of them."

Madame Romaine, who keeps the cafe at the corner nearby, is making a small fortune in picture post cards. It is to her that the stamp collectors go for cards to stick their stamps on. The collectors say that stamps which are placed on letters are never so clearly and thoroughly cancelled as are those which are fixed to the hard surface of cards, and the cancelling marks make all the difference in the value of a postage stamp, from the collector's viewpoint.

Three men work at cancelling in the Belgian postoffice at Havre, and they seem to have caught the spirit of the stamp collectors, for they work painstakingly and seem to be careful, in spite of the mass of work they have, to put the cancelling mark right over the centre of the stamp.

"Twenty-five years from now," explained an English stamp collector, "these Belgian stamps, with the Havre postmark, will be worth a great deal. It's one of the few stamps that will tell the history of the great war. There is only one stamp that the war has made as valuable as this Havre stamp and that is the Belgian with a German cancellation on it. For a while after they entered Belgium the Germans permitted the use of Belgian stamps, but now, I understand, only German stamps are used in that territory."

The Sam Browne Belt.

The British officers broad leather belt takes its name from that of a very distinguished Anglo-Indian soldier who invented it, Sir Samuel James Browne.

Sir Samuel was born in India, and entered the Indian army. He served through the Mutiny, took part in the siege of Lucknow, and later, in command of a field force partly British and partly native, he won the Victoria Cross by a very gallant action.

In the course of a surprise attack on the rebels at Sipura he pushed forward to the rear of the enemy's position, charged their gunners almost singlehanded, and prevented them from reloading and firing on the advancing infantry. In this desperate hand-to-hand fight he lost his left arm and was twice wounded in the knee.

He was promoted major-general in 1870, and during the Indian tour of Edward VII. as Prince of Wales was chosen to represent the Anglo-Indian army.

His later military career was somewhat unfortunate, through no fault of his own. When the Afghan War was preparing in 1878 he pointed out to the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, from his knowledge of the Northwest Frontier and of the character of the Afghans, the immense difficulties which a British invasion of Afghanistan involved.

Thanked By the Government.

Lord Lytton was obstinate and disregarded the advice, and was with difficulty persuaded to take certain precautions urged by Browne and by the commander-in-chief in India. Browne himself received a command in the war, and had considerable success, in spite of great difficulties with transport and communications.

After the war Lord Lytton, in spite of the protests of the commander-in-chief, blamed Browne for the failure of the transport service, which was mainly due to the dilatoriness of the Government. Other authorities were more just, however, and Browne was created a K.C.B. and received the thanks of the Government and of both Houses of Parliament.

In the later years of his life he was Governor of the Isle of Wight under Queen Victoria with whom he was always a favorite. He died there in 1901. There is a portrait of him at the East India United Service Club in London and a memorial tablet in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The discovery of a group of coins of Valentinian is announced by the learned numismatist, Sir Arthur Evans. Valentinian, who called himself the Emperor of the West, was a picturesque and tempestuous person. His commanders fought great battles for him, for which he took the credit, and passed it on to the Almighty. He was also a dabbler in other matters than war. For instance, he believed himself a great authority on soothsaying, magic, and the science of taxation. In fact, he was quite a versatile Kaiser of the olden time.

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COBALT, ONTARIO, CANADA.
With pleasure I inform you of safe receipt of parcel which is beyond my expectations. I have shown contents and also your catalogue to my friends to their supreme delight. You may look forward to more orders in the near future. Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. T. DAWE.

MURRAY, P.O., CANADA.
Dear Sirs,—I received the Furs to-day at once, which I am perfectly satisfied with. They are really beautiful and more than I expected for the money. Thank you for your prompt attention. Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. T. E. DOWD.

842 LAURA AVENUE, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.
The Diamond and Sapphire Ring came safely to hand. I am well pleased with it, being chaste in design and splendid finish, giving me entire satisfaction and absolute confidence that your firm is perfectly reliable. Permit me to say I am pleased with my purchase and that distance is no disadvantage to your customers, for the same spirit of fairness is shown to your clients over the seas as is shown to those within the sound of Bow Bells. Shall be sending you more orders in the near future. Yours faithfully,
(Signed) SAMUEL MAYER.

WAUCHOPE, SASK., CANADA.
Dear Sirs,—I have safely received the Violin and Case, and am highly satisfied. I have a $25 violin, but the one I have from you is a much superior tone. Please accept my best thanks. Yours truly,
(Signed) JOSEPH BENDER.

436 VICTOR STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA.
Gentlemen,—Furs and Linen to hand. We are more than satisfied. The price is at least five times less than we can buy the same quality here. Hope to be able to send many more orders in the near future.
Yours truly, (Signed) W. KNOWLES.

CALGARY, ALTA., CANADA.
Dear Sirs,—I have just received Instrument, with which I am highly satisfied. This will do you more good as an advertisement than you are probably aware. I have already got you a few patrons. I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) Mrs. K. R. STEPHEN.

KINLEY, P.O., SASK., CANADA.
Dear Sirs,—I have just received your Glasses at $3.75 all safe. They are as good as the ones I would have to pay $8.60 for in Winnipeg. I hope to send you another larger order soon. Yours etc.,
(Signed) W. J. HEMY.

Here are Some of the Bargains We Offer

$3.75 Field, Race, or Marine Glasses; Military Binocular (by Lefaier), as supplied to officers in the Army and Navy; great magnification power; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000-yds.; saddler made case; 6 months' free trial; sacrifice, $3.75.

$5.25 Powerful Binocular Field Glasses (by Chevalier); great magnification power, brilliant definition; over 60 miles range; great depth of focus, large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; in saddler made sling case; 6 months' free trial; worth $15; sacrifice, $5.25.

$11.50 Powerful Binoculars, great magnification power (by Lumiere); most powerful Glass made, name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; quick focus, brilliant field of view, colourless achromatic crystal lenses, enhanced stereoscopic effect; in solid leather case; 6 months' free trial; worth $35; sacrifice, $11.50.

$3.25 Gent's 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, timed to a minute a month; also Double Curb Albert, same quality, with Compass attached; all quite indistinguishable from new; 6 months' free trial; complete, sacrifice, $3.25.

$3.25 Lady's 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Watch, improved action (Allen & Co., London), perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, same quality; together, $3.25.

$3.75 Real Russian Furs; rich, dark sable brown, long Granville Stole; deep shaped collar, beautifully trimmed, tails and heads; large Granville Muff matching; together, $3.75.

$5.75 Real Russian Furs; rich, dark sable brown, extra long Princess Stole, trimmed with head and tails at back and on shoulders; also large animal Muff; together, sacrifice, $5.75.

$6.50 Real Coney Musquash Seal, elegant long wide Wrap or Stole and extra large Pillow Muff; perfect skins; together, sacrifice, $6.50.

$3.25 Gent's fashionable Double Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern, heavy solid links; great bargain; sacrifice, $3.25.

$3.50 Long Watch Guard or Neck Chain, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; solid links, elegant design; bargain, $3.50.

$2.75 Fashionable Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain, solid links, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; great sacrifice, $2.75. Another, heavier, $3.25.

$2.75 Lady's 18-ct. Gold, hall-marked, 5 stone, Half-hoop real Diamond Ring; perfectly matched stones; great sacrifice, $2.75.

$4.75 Lady's 18-ct. Solid Gold hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-hoop Ring; claw setting, large faultless stones; worth $15; great bargain; sacrifice, $4.75.

$16.50 Lady's 5-stone Diamond and Sapphire Half-hoop Ring, 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, claw setting; containing two large round diamonds of dazzling whiteness and three beautiful sapphires; sacrifice, $16.50.

$39 Very fine quality English made Gun (by Frederick Williams, gunsmith, London and Birmingham); double-barrel, hammerless, Anson and Deeley pattern; fine English steel barrel, left barrel full choke, right cylinder bore, nitro proved; fitted with Greener treble cross-bolt action, automatic safety bolt; very highly finished and engraved; a first-class weapon by one of the best makers; sacrifice, $39.

$3.25 Eight superfine quality Chemises, Knickers, and Petticoats; magnificent parcel; great sacrifice, $3.25.

$4.25 Lady's fashionable thick Navy Blue Cloth long Winter Coat, superior quality; 36-in. bust; perfectly new; bargain, $4.25; approval.

$3.25 Choice Expanding Watch Bracelet; finest workmanship, most successful ever invented; will fit and grip any wrist, thereby avoiding all vibration and ensuring perfect timekeeping; 18-ct. Gold-cased; 6 months' trial; sacrifice, $3.25.

$9.50 Gent's English Gold-filled Keyless Hunting Lever Watch; finest Watch obtainable, most accurate timekeeper; improved action; 10 years' warranty; worth $35; sacrifice, $9.50.

$5.75 Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch; highly finished jewelled movement, exact timekeeper; 12 years' warranty; worth $20; sacrifice, $5.75.

$4.25 Sheffield Cutlery; complete Service of 12 Large, 12 Small Knives, Carvers and Steel; massive Crayford ivory handles; $4.25.

$6.75 Extremely beautiful Lady's Solid Gold long Watch Guard, handsome and very stylish in pattern; stamped and guaranteed; in new condition; worth $20; sacrifice, $6.75.

$13.75 Gent's magnificent Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Lever, Centre Seconds, Chronograph Stop Watch, examined by celebrated watchmaker (R. Stanton, London); jewelled movement, perfect reliability in any climate in the world; timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 6 months' trial; worth $45; sacrifice, $13.75.

$15 Lady's Diamond and Sapphire Cluster Ring, 18-ct. Gold, hall-marked; there are ten white and faultless diamonds surrounding a superb sapphire; to appreciate the full beauty of this Ring it must be seen; worth $60; sacrifice, $15.

$11.75 Powerful 4-draw Brass Telescope (by Lemaitre, Paris), with brass cap and slide ends; large object glass; over 70 miles clear range; a more powerful glass could not be purchased; specially adapted to the use of coastguards and astronomers; new condition; $11.75.

$6.50 Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Watch Bracelet; will fit any wrist; high-class jewelled movement, most perfect timekeeper; 10 years' written warranty; 6 months' free trial; worth $25; great sacrifice, $6.50.

$7.50 Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, 82 articles; everything required; beautiful garments, the perfection of mother's personal work; never worn; great sacrifice, $7.50.

$8.50 Valuable Violin, perfect condition, labelled Stradivarius Cremona, 1721; rich mellow tone, with Bow and Case; suit professional or soloist; great bargain; sacrifice, $8.50.

$1.50 Pretty Necklet, with Heart Pendant attached; set Parisian pearls and turquoises; 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled; in velvet case; wonderful bargain; sacrifice, $1.50.

$10 Spoons and Forks, A1 quality, silver-plated on nickel silver, Queen Anne pattern: 12 Table, 12 Dessert, 12 Tea Spoons; 12 Table, 12 Dessert Forks; Service 5-doz., $10; half-set, $5.

$25 Real Sealskin Jacket, superior quality, sacque shape, double-breasted, with lapels, rich silk lining, latest Parisian style; perfectly unsoiled; worth $90; bargain; great sacrifice, $25.

$6.50 Gent's fashionable Dark Grey Tweed Jacket Suit (by Longford, high-class tailor); splendid quality, latest West End cut and finish; never worn; breast 39-in., waist 36-in., leg 32½-in.; $6.50.

$17.50 Magnificent Gent's Single Stone Diamond Ring; pure white stone, perfect in every respect; mounted in 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, claw setting; sacrifice, $17.50.

$10.50 Gent's Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 42-in. breast; very fine quality, heavy dark grey frieze, seal lined throughout; deep turned down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by West End tailor; never worn; $10.50.

$12.50 Gent's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Wristlet Watch; bold white enamel dial and fully radiumized luminous figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night in pitch darkness; high-grade centre second chronograph movement; specially adapted for soldiers and nurses on active service; timed to a few seconds a month; perfect reliability in any climate in the world; 6 months' free trial; worth $45; sacrifice, $12.50.

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"Do you believe that Fortune knocks once at every man's door?"

"Well, I never heard of her ringing him up on the telephone."

"Will you please tell me where I can see the candolabra?"

"All canned goods is on the next floor," replied the new clerk.